

TAZEWELL CO. DIRECTORY.

Circuit Court.
W. J. Henson, judge; S. M. Graham, clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

Officers.
T. C. Bowen, Com'th. Atty.
S. S. F. Harman, Sheriff.
H. F. Feerv, Deputy Sheriff.
Wm. Bandy, Treasurer.
H. P. Brittain, Deputy Treasurer.
H. G. McCall, County Supt. Schools.
P. H. Williams, Address, Snaps, Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Prayer every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Stephen Davis, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. "Little Workers" Juvenile Missionary every second Sunday 3 p. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 11 a. m., second and fourth Sundays 8 p. m., fifth Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.—at 1st School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. "Ladies Aid" meeting every Friday 7 p. m. G. C. Rector, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

TAZEWELL PREACHERS COUNCIL. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
DR. C. A. THOMPSON, E. C.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
J. T. COOLEY, H. P.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.
J. POWELL ROYAL, W. M.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

TIPTOP LODGE, NO. 259, I. O. O. F.
Tiptop, Virginia.
Meets first and third Saturdays in each month.
FRANK PYOTT, N. G.
J. G. GILLESPIE, Sec'y.

S. D. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Solicitor attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Solicitor attention paid to the collection of claims.

FULTON & COULING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county, S. M. B. Coulung will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. S. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Coulung, Tazewell, Va.

GREEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Office—Gillespie building Edgar L. Greever Barnes Gillespie.

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Collecting a specialty.

BOWEN & ROYAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Court of Appeals at Winchester. Collecting a specialty. Office near Courthouse.

W. R. SPRATT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Rich-lands, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell and adjoining counties. Solicitor attention paid to the collection of claims.

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Invaluable for Coughs and Colds.

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AT THE FORKS OF THE ROAD

By EDGAR WHITE

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Cecile—It isn't the hard, never-ending work from dawn till the stars come out—I could stand that, because I'm well and strong—but a woman like to be treated with some consideration, especially when she's a wife. He's not exactly ill-natured—not harsh-spoken—but it's his stolidly indifferent manner that cuts to the quick. And I'll not stand it! I don't have to! I never agreed to any such conditions. He knew that I was not raised on a farm, and that such drudgery as falls to a farmer's wife, especially during harvest, would be an unbearable load to me. The hands he admired so much are already becoming hard and wrinkled and my face looks like—well, nothing like the one I used to see in the glass. The little girl he hired is not much of a help, though she does the best she can. But that is not why I am leaving him—not on account of the toll. He never comes to me at the close of a hard day's work and says an encouraging word. He has never asked me if I'm weary, nor has he shown the least thought for my feelings. It's just up with the dawn and work and work for a taskmaster who takes it all as a matter of course, or frowns because I don't do more. When I leave I'll pin a note at his plate telling him he should have bought a slave instead of marrying a wife. And yet—I love him! Oh, my God! How I love him!

Paul—Gone! Left home! I half suspected something was wrong these past few weeks; she has acted so curiously cold that I feared to approach her. And then I've been so troubled lest the rains would catch the grain unharvested that I've overworked my men, and her, too, I fear. Poor girl! She was hardly fitted for a farmer's wife; but if she could have stood it through this season we would then have had money, and it would have been lighter on her. It nearly killed me to see her toiling in the kitchen for that army of hungry men, but it took every cent I had in the world to pay them, and the best I could do was to hire the little Swede girl to help her. At night when her work was done I longed to go to her room and throw my arms around her and tell her how grateful I was for her sacrifice, but when I looked into her eyes they seemed so blue and cold and spoke so eloquently of disgust at it, and at me, that I dared not venture. Perhaps after all it is better. Her father is well off, and with him she will have her music and flowers and books and young friends—things which seemed to be denied her in the everlasting grind at "The Maples" here. God bless the girl, and may no harm beset her path!

Mephisto (rubbing his hands)—Here's where I come in. "What fools these mortals be!" Shakespeare stole that from me, and is getting all the glory for the theft; but what matters? This is a world of deceit and hypocrisy. I sometimes feel like shedding a few tears—the crocodile kind, you know. I've a case now that appeals to my love for the romantic. Here's a couple of young people who are wildly in love with each other and the idiots don't know it. Now, it shall be my pleasant task to hunt up a good, nice, smooth gentleman—from my point of view—and induce him into the finer passages necessary to make the play one of the proper human interest. Let's see. Where will I find such a vill—I mean such a courtier, if you please. I want a man gifted with all the graces of the—er—the devil, and withal he must have the appearance of a Sunday school teacher on his way to meeting. Ah! I have him! Ready made to order! Icarot by name. Quite a ladies' man, if I remember correctly. A tall fellow, devoid of that old womanish attribute called conscience. I think he had a liking for her once, and has yet if I mistake not. For she's wondrous fair, and Icarot was ever an epicure. Ye gods of gehenna! Whoever thought such fine game would drop into my dark net? But you can never tell. Icarot has done some good work for my dominion, and doubtless would be overly glad to tackle a job of this kind, especially as there seems to be no prospect of danger. I'll have to make that clear to him, or he won't go in—he's a dreadful coward. I'll endow him with such gifts of speech and manner which, added to the store he has, will cause the lady to flutter in his hand like a captive bird, finally to quiet down in gentle slumber and there rest content. What a pretty play! The cast is ready; I must up and away!

THE MAPLES.

The Fairy (knocking at the door)—

Open in the name of the king!
Paul—Who's there?
The Fairy—A messenger from the king!
Paul (coming out)—Well, what's wanted?
The Fairy—Saddle your horse and arm yourself! There's work up on the Green Forrest road.
Paul—Work?
The Fairy—Aye! Quick, hot work. Cecile is in mortal peril!
Paul—Cecile has left me.
The Fairy—Are you a man or a swine?
Paul—You are right, little one. You say she's up the Green Forrest road? How far?
The Fairy—A league this side the water mill inn. Talk no more, but fly! Fly! On the wings of the wind!
Paul (out in the yard)—Yahoo, there, George! Saddle Nero and Vampire! Get lively, now! I'll get the suna.

ON THE GREEN FORREST ROAD.
Cecile—I am cold. I believe a storm is coming on.
Icarot—What's the odds? We'll find shelter somewhere.
Cecile—How your voice has changed! What has come over you?
Icarot—I'm master now. I'm through coaxing.
Cecile—What do you mean?
Icarot—What I say. You're all alone.
Cecile—But I didn't—didn't think you'd harm me!
Icarot—And I won't if you mind. Gods! What awful lightning. We must tie up and seek safety in the woods. Here's an old cabin.
Cecile—No! No! No! Let us go on! We'll soon come to a farm house.
Icarot—I say we'll stop here!
Cecile—Kind heaven help me! The man's mad! Let us drive on, won't you please?
Icarot—Jump out! The storm is almost here.
Cecile—Don't touch me! Your breath is like fire! Help! Help!
Icarot—I'll stop that noise, my beauty. Just as easy—A-h!
Paul—You villain!
Cecile—Paul! Thank God!
Paul—George, lead my horse up to the inn. I'll get in the carriage and drive the lady there till the storm is over. Throw that carcass across the fence; it might scare somebody's horse.

IN THE MORNING.
Cecile—How stern he looks! Not one word has he spoken to me, save out of absolute necessity. He'll take me to father and tell him all. But God knows I've not been unfaithful to him. I don't want to go driving with that man, but when he met me at the woodland picnic and said "Come! I had no power of resistance. Yet I know my husband thinks I erred as some women do, and will wear the scarlet letter all my days. Oh, why didn't that bolt of lightning kill me? What shame to carry through life? As I walk through the village streets the children will point me out and say: "There goes the woman whose husband sent her back to her father because she was not a good wife!" And I thought work on the farm was slavery! What happiness in the comparison! Ah! There's the signboard ahead and Paul is looking gloomily at it. One finger of it points the way to Stony Cliff, where father lives, and the other off the road leading to "The Maples." Hallowed words! What shall it be? 'Tis the difference betwixt honor and disgrace. Joy! heaven! Be with me now and make me strong! There seems to be something standing on the board—a little form like that of a brownie, clad in the whitest of robes. Of course there is nothing there, only an illusion caused by my tears—
Mephisto (in the shadows)—This way, driver! To the left.
The Fairy—No, driver; turn this way!
The Driver (turning his head)—Which way, sir?
Paul—To the right; we're going to "The Maples!"
Cecile—My husband!
Mephisto—The devil!

Night and Day.
"Night falls, but it doesn't break," observed the Simple Mug.
"What of it?" queried the Wise Guy.
"Oh, nothing," chuckled the Simple Mug, "except that day breaks, but it doesn't fall."—Philadelphia Record.

Some men are kept so busy maintaining their dignity that they haven't time to earn a decent living.

Lucky For the Ancestors.
"It's a great thing to have a fine line of ancestors."
"Doubtless it is, and it's a mighty good thing, too, that some of these fine lines of ancestors couldn't look into the future and see their descendants."—Chicago Post.

A hopeless man is deserted by himself, and he who desert himself is soon deserted by his friends.

GAVE THEM THE REST CURE.

Method of Minstrel Leader That Was Never Known to Fail.

The throat of the minstrel singer is as delicately sensitive as those of grand opera artists. But George Primrose has a remedy of his own that works astonishing cures.
"It's no use, George," a silver-voiced balladist will huskily whisper half an hour before the curtain goes up, "my throat's as raw as a Blue Point on the half shell. I won't be able to sing a note to-night."
"Well, that's too bad," replies Mr. Primrose, his honest face aglow with sympathy; "magnificent organ like yours is not to be trifled with. What you need is a complete rest."
"I guess I'll be all right for the quartette, if you'll stand for me cutting out the solo," protests the singer suspiciously, and a trifle more distinctly.
"Not for worlds, 'dear boy,'" answers Mr. Primrose, decisively. "I don't care if the entire audience demands its money back. I should feel like a criminal if I caused permanent injury to such a voice. Take an absolute rest—one week, two weeks if necessary. When you are right again I'll put you back on the salary list."

Then the balladist hurries around to black up and sings so delightfully that he has to take four encores.
A skilled specialist who makes the sufferer say "A-h-a-a-a" and charges him \$20, is not in it for a minute with old Dr. Primrose and his magic throat cure.

WERE LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

Why Parents Could Not Be Satisfied with Ordinary Name.

It is a glorious possibility that any American boy may some day become president, but, according to a story told by Senator Bailey, it sometimes causes fond parents some concern. One of his constituents was the proud father of a promising youngster, and on several occasions sought the senator's advice as to a Christian name, each time expressing himself delighted with the one suggested. One of the Texan's greatest charms is his kindly interest in the personal affairs of humble friends, and it was quite like him, upon seeing the father in question some months later, to inquire if his son and heir had finally received a satisfactory pseudonym.
"Well, no, senator," the man replied. "We haven't been able to decide on one just yet."
"What's the trouble, anyway?" Mr. Bailey asked, with considerable secret amusement. "There are a good many to choose from."
"Yes, that's true," the father said, rumpling his hair; "but we wanted to hit on a particularly good name for him, one that is pretty and has a distinguished sound, and which is not common, as there will be so many babies named after him when he is president."—World's Events Magazine.

Located Murdered Girl.

A strange story of a psychic phenomenon comes from Garhamstown, Cape Colony. Thomas Kerr, who was charged with the murder of Ellen Pincock, a ten-year-old girl, was recently discharged, the jury having disagreed. The girl disappeared while on her way home with purchases from a Garhamstown grocer named South. South, who practices hypnotism, placed a young man of his acquaintance named Staples in a trance state, and asked him if he could trace the whereabouts of the missing girl. Staples thereupon declared that she had been murdered and lay buried under the floor of a house which he would indicate. He was roused from his trance and, accompanied by a detective and five other men, went to the house in which Kerr lived, and found the body of the girl buried in the cellar.

GREAT FEATURE OF TO-DAY.

Wireless Telegraphy Magic of Romance of the World.

To our forefathers each new manifestation was a matter of ocular excitement. The fingers of the cotton gin took the place of human fingers. At the coming of ether an amputation was transformed from a scene of torture to a placid process in mechanics. Crowds gathered to see Fulton's devil-boat churn its way slowly up the Hudson, or to watch the first locomotive puffing and clanking through the meadows. Even with the development of electricity wires stretched taut against the sky; the strand of cable might be seen as it began its plunge beneath the Atlantic. Yet it has remained for the matter-of-fact utilization of wireless telegraphy to bring us, in science, the height of romance. To-day a merchant wishes to telegraph to his buyer in London; forthwith his half-dozen words are shot to the tip of a pole beside the seashore, flicked into the sky, and sucked out of space to a lonely spar on the coast of Ireland. There is here as much magic of romance as the world has ever seen.—Collier's.

Sign of Cold Winter.

One of the rarest birds in New England is here prophesying a cold, hard winter. It is the red poll, a member of the big junco family of birds. Only in the most severe weather does the red-headed bird venture from the frozen lands of the north, and when he does it always means a cold, severe winter. There are several flocks of the birds in the Fells, and bird lovers, glad to get a chance to watch their habits, are closely observing them.—Boston Record.

Serious Problem for Canada.

One of the serious propositions for the people of Canada to solve is the fuel supply of the future. Not a pound of coal of any kind has ever been discovered in the province of Ontario. In the older part of the province the timber is practically exhausted. The growing stump fences, the last remains of the once gigantic pine forests, are now being replaced with wire fences and the stumps converted into fuel.

WOULD SHOW BABY THE BILL.

Brother Had Great Scheme to Quiet Crying Infant.

The two-year-old baby in an East End family was showing its keen displeasure at dinner the other evening over the fact there was no more milk on the table. The milk supply had run out, unexpectedly, and the baby wanted still another drink of milk.
The fond and doting parents tried to pacify it with a drink of water, but that didn't go. It wanted some more milk. That was what it wanted. And the child expressed itself in a way that left no doubt about its attitude in the premises.
There was a guest present and the dinner party seemed not unlikely to end up in a riot. It was that already if noise counts for anything.
Then the baby's older brother got a happy inspiration, for the little one was making itself heard with an abandon that was getting on brother's nerves as well as those of the others present.
"I'll tell you what you do, pop," he suggested, "just give him that milk bill you got the other day. You know you were kicking about milk going up in price, and mabbe when he sees the bill he'll quit hollerin' for more."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

MADE HIS LISTENERS SMILE.

Remarks of Reverend Gentleman Altogether Too Appropos.

Of all places, the most difficult in which to preserve one's gravity, when an absurd incident happens, is church. The worshippers in a certain chapel had some trouble to keep their faces straight a short time ago.
During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket, and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him.
The minister, being short-sighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and thinking to diplomatically cover the incident he innocently said:
"Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over, let us sing. 'Sometimes a Light Surprise.'"
Some of the congregation were unable to sing.

Plague and Fleas.

The part played by fleas in the spread of plague is dealt with in an able manner by "J. W. W. S." in "Nature." A Latin writer, Avicenna, is quoted to show that about the year 1600 it was known that there was some definite connection between rats and plague. In more recent years it has been a matter of common observation in India that in times of plague a large number of dead rats are found. And these are found to contain the plague bacilli in abundance. In 1898, Simond expressed the view that in the majority of cases the plague was conveyed from the rat to man through the agency of the flea. Experiments which he tried with fleas from rats dead of the plague showed how this is possible. Other experimenters have obtained similar results, while others have been led to doubt Simond's generalization.

Peculiar "Cure Stones."

Occupying an isolated position on the moors about five or six miles above Penzance, in Cornwall, England, a peculiar trio of stones is to be seen. They are arranged in a straight line, the two outside ones being about four feet high and upright, while the center one is a little lower, but much wider. In the last-mentioned there is a round hole large enough to admit of a man passing through. This pile is known as the "Men-an-tol," or "Holed stone." Popular tradition states that anyone crawling through the hole in the center stone will be forever immune from rheumatism and allied complaints. In times gone by the country people used to bring their children to the "Holed stone," and pass them through.

AS SUBSTITUTE FOR FOOTBALL.

Writer Suggests That Plowing Matches Would Be Advisable.

A plowing match will help to interest boys in farming, and perhaps be quite as profitable in the end as a football match. A plowing match is managed by measuring off equal tracts to be plowed by each contestant, the time being noted at the start and a limited time allowed for finishing the track. The contest is to be judged by the straightness of the furrows, the evenness of the furrows both as to depth and width, and the amount of land plowed within the time limit, after which suitable prizes are awarded. Stock judging contests, butter making contests and butter scoring contests will all add interest and a desire to excel on the part of the pupils.
If a boy is of a mechanical turn, give him an introduction to farm mechanics. Experiments showing the influence of grade on the draft of a farm wagon may be made with a simple apparatus the boy could construct himself. It can also be easily shown how draft is influenced by the width of the tire as well as by the size of the wagon wheel, also the direction of line of draft and its influence on the draft of the wagon. Let a boy with a mechanical head make an apparatus for demonstrating the principles of eveners, or let him make a working model of a farm pump.
Thus in various ways it is possible to show the boy who thinks he knows it all that he still has something to learn, and to show the plodding boy that there is much beside drudgery on the farm if he will but open his eyes.—Southern Workman.

SOME OF HIS OWN MEDICINE.

Inate Citizen Found He Had to Deal with Worthy Adversary.

An irate citizen dashed up the stoop, nearly pulled the old-fashioned bell out of the socket, stormed till the master of the house appeared, and thus saluted him: "Sir, I'm going to thrash that boy," shaking his finger

in the direction of a youngster of some 12 years. "It is outrageous that you should allow him to be so mean and contemptible. I don't suppose you ever whipped him in your life!"

"I certainly never did," replied the master of the house meekly; "I do not believe in corporal punishment."
"Well, I do, and I'm going to tan that young scoundrel's hide. If he had run out, unexpectedly, and the baby wanted still another drink of milk."
The fond and doting parents tried to pacify it with a drink of water, but that didn't go. It wanted some more milk. That was what it wanted. And the child expressed itself in a way that left no doubt about its attitude in the premises.

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Plant Like a Camel.

The nearest thing to a camel among plants is a curious specimen of the cucumber family which bears the name of the Iberivilla sonora. This plant, like the camel, is a native of the desert and it has to go without water longer than the animal.

As the rainy season in the desert comes only once a year nature provides the I. S. with a reservoir to store up enough moisture to last it between times. The organ in which the water is stored is located at the base of the stem. It is covered with a sort of mackintosh envelope, through which the water can neither escape nor evaporate.

This water holder rests on the sand throughout the entire period of drought, but when the rain comes it springs into activity.

Earliest Known Trousers.

The head of the ancient Babylonian was carefully protected from the sun by various wrappings; it was sufficient for the rest of the body to wear a thin woollen or linen garment bound at the hips with a girdle or shawl, over which sometimes another garment was picturesquely draped. In Babylonia, and Assyria also, head and foot coverings were subject to fashion, but the long, close-fitting garment fortunately never went out of style. Trousers—the unsatisfactory invention of the Medes—are first found on the Parthian stele of about the first century, B. C., which was excavated in Assyria.

French Married Life.

The high average of reasonably happy marriages in France, where marriage is mostly a family arrangement, is not so inexplicable as we might think. One thing, we suppose, the foreigner will never be able to explain, and that is how the French girl passes from her obscure and untutored existence before marriage to the wisdom and self-possession of the young French married woman, who seems to wield the experience of all the ages. The adaptability of French women is beyond praise, as it is beyond explanation.

Battered Heroes.

"What do you suppose makes the girls go so wild over the football players in preference to other young men?"

"I suppose it's a woman's passion for remnants."

Patti Made His Reputation.

Adelina Patti was not always such a "gold mine" to managers as some may suppose, says Leslie's Weekly. When she visited New York in 1880, her manager, Signor Lugo, overreached himself by starting out on a ten dollar admission basis, and the venture was a financial failure, notwithstanding Patti's great artistic success. She sang to a fourteen hundred dollar house on the first night and on the second to \$400. She got discouraged, as it was her own venture, and gave it up.
The late Henry E. Abbey, who was bold in his speculations, then engaged her and her company at \$5,000 per concert. He began at Wallack's old theater at Thirteenth street, giving scenes of opera, and the concerts there averaged over \$7,000 a performance, but he lost in the out of town concerts \$20,000.

A little later, being asked by De Vibe to take Patti to San Francisco, Abbey replied: "My dear De Vibe, I have got enough of Patti. I lost \$20,000, but I made a reputation."

Ingenious Device.

A whole closet in one hanger is the ingenious device of a Wellesley girl. She planned it to carry in her trunk while visiting a flat dweller during the holidays. It made of a round piece of wood a half or three-quarters of an inch in thickness and eight inches in diameter. To one side of the wood small brass hooks are attached, on which the waists and skirts are to be hung. On the other side one large hook is screwed in the center, to be used for fastening on closet nails or door knobs. Around the outer edge of the board muslin (an old sheet will do) is tacked in big plaits so as to cover all the skirts and waists. The bottom of the muslin is finished with a drawstring so that it may be pulled tight to keep out the dust.

Senator Knox on Memory Training.

Senator Philander Chase Knox was driving a friem from the railroad station to his farm at Valley Forge when an incident occurred which called to mind a certain passage from Pope's "Essay on Man." The visitor quoted the lines, and Senator Knox, much to the surprise of his guest, took it up and gave the lines following.
"How did you happen to know that?" he was asked.
"If you will repeat any line from the Essay," said the senator, "I can give you the context, for I know every word of it. I have paid particular attention all my life to memory training and when I was quite young I recited a prize for committing to memory 1,000 verses from the Bible."

CAUSE OF NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

Profession of Dressmaker a Toll That Kills in the End.

"These are the reasons, and they only are suggested—that thousands of our dressmakers are ill every year with nervous prostration; that as many more go to the wall and give up work; that none of them ever make a competence, although their work should assure it."

"It is the general outline of the reasons that I, Anne Bannerman Sedgewick Hitt, at 38, am at the end of my string and have reached a parting of the ways in which I know not how to turn, or what to do next. That I, a fine looking woman, as you see, with a speaking voice that once would have gotten me a place upon the stage, and with a hundred letters, telling of my worth and skill, can think of nothing better to do next than to try to get a job of demonstrating until I can get away from the octopus of the composite woman who wants clothes made. And yet I love my work, and don't know how I shall do without the long evenings, as well as days of thought and toil for which I have given up social life and recreation for 18 years."—Exchange.

HAD STORED HONEY IN HOUSE.

Industrious Bees Had Hive Between Floors of Dwelling.

For several years Patrick Prendergast of Abington, Pa., lived in a house along the Old York road, not knowing that a swarm of bees also considered it their home. The swarm hived between the first and second floors, directly beneath the beds occupied each night by Prendergast and his family. The house where Prendergast lived, with a real estate, passed into possession of John Lambert, Jr., a prominent Philadelphian, with a country place at Abington. In line with projected improvements, Lambert arranged to have the house moved back from the present foundations, preliminary to having it remodeled, the structure being more than 100 years old.

Workmen discovered the presence of the bees, and an apiarist employed to remove the swarm found more than 200 pounds of pure honey between the second floor and the ceiling of the first. It being assumed that Mr. Lambert took title to the honey with the house, the honey was turned over to him.

She Did.

"Auntie, Charles Gass proposed to me last night."
"The lupidest fellow! Somebody ought to sit down on him."
"Why, auntie, I rather think somebody did."—Baltimore News.

Some people seem to think they have to prove they have a mind by speaking it.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nervous disorder—nothing else.
It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the